

The Cult, Cortez The Killer

He came dancing across the water

With his galleons and guns

Looking for the new world

In that palace in the sun

On the shore lay Montezuma

With his coca leaves and pearls

In his halls he often wandered

With the secrets of the worlds.

And his subjects gathered 'round him

Like the leaves around a tree

In their clothes of many colours

For the angry gods to see.

And the women all were beautiful

And the men stood straight and strong

They offered life in sacrifice

So that others could go on.

Hate was just a legend

And war was never known

The people worked together

And they lifted many stones

They carried them to the flatlands

And they died along the way

But they built up with their bare hands

What we still can't do today.

And I know she's living there

And she loves me to this day

I still can't remember when

Or how I lost my way.

He came dancing across the water

Cortez, Cortez

What a killer.

He came dancing ...

...so that others could go on...

He came dancing across the water

Cortez, Cortez

What a killer....